Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of bloud.
Anth. I am a tainted Weather of the flocke,
Meetest for death, the weakest kinde of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground, and so let me;
You cannot better be imploy'd, *Bassanio*,
Then to live still and write mine Epitaph?

Enter Nerrissa.

Duke. Came you from *Padua* from *Bellario*?
Ner. From both: my L. *Bellario* greets your Grace.
Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?
Iew. To cut the forfeiture from that Bankrout there.
Grat. Not on thy soule: but on thy soule harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keene: but no mettle can,
No, not the hangmans axe beare halfe the keennesse
Of thy sharp envie: can no prayers pearce thee?
Iew. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make.
Grat. O be thou damn'd, inexecrable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accusd;
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
That soules of Animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: Thy currish spirit
Govern'd a Woolfe, who hang'd for humane slaughter,
Even from the gallowes did his fell soule fleet,
And whilest thou layest in thy unhallowed dame;
Infusd it selfe in thee: for thy desires
Are woolvish, bloudy, starv'd, and ravenous.
Iew. Till thou canst raile the seale from off my Bond,
Thou but offendst thy lungs to speake so loud:
Repaire thy wit good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruine. I stand for I w.
Duke. This letter from *Bellario* doth commend
A young and learned Doctor to our Court:
Where is he?
Ner. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer whether youle admit him.
Duke. With all my heart: some three or foure of you

Go

Go give him curteous conduct to
Meane time the Court shall hear

Your Grace shall understand,
am very sicke, but in the instant t
ving visitation was with me a y
Balthasar: I acquainted him wi
tween the *Iew* and *Anthonio* the
books together, he is furnished
with his own learning, the gr
commend, comes with him at
Graces request in my stead. I b
no impediment to let him lack
knew so young a body with so
Gracious acceptance, whose try
mendation.

Enter Portia fo

Duke. You heare the learn'd
And here I take it is the Docto
Give me your hand, come you
Por. I did my Lord.
Duke. You are welcome, tak
Are you acquinted with the d
That holds this present questi
Por. I am enformed throug
Which is the Merchant here?
Duke. *Anthonio*, and old *S*
Por. Is your name *Shylock*
Iew. *Shylocke* is my name.
Por. Of a strange nature is
Yet in such rule, that the *Vene*
Cannot impugne you as you
You stand within his danger,
Ant. I, so he sayes.
Por Do you confesse the
An. I do.
Por. Then must the Jew
Shy. On what compulsion

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